that lie between some opening in the reef and probably the mouth of the river that has made it.

•Drifting over, it is, indeed, as so often has been said, as if one floated in some new element that could not be water (so clear is it) and is yet just not air. Of the coral I shall say little. It has all been done. But there will be, at one time, a hundred yards of great toadstools, at another a hundred yards of colossal fans, at another the branched pink and white * flowers ' that sailors and travellers bring home. In and out among them swim the fish. But wait.

The barrier reef itself is more like some great concrete jetty that has been broken a little by the sea than anything else I can think of. It is a couple of feet out of the lagoon where we land, clutching with boat-hook and avoiding the cascades of sea-water that keep foaming across it. Once out of the boat, you find it is easily possible to walk, and you can cross it to the

ocean side. And there you will have one of the unforgettable experiences of .life.

For on the ocean side, the reef falls sheer to unimaginable depths. On very calm days you can